



Another



121 3 5

Chapter 1 by Glendo

The traveller finally stopped after a wearisome day's journey into the wilderness. Not a sound had reached their ears aside from their own light footsteps, a uniform chorus of marching. Even the winds were still. The air held its breath while the trees watched this newcomer weave their way through the woods. It was a forest through which little light shone, and the dark carpet of grass was accompanied by few colours and shapes: though the pine trees were vast in number, they only made the place appear more empty.

Here, among a crowd of little variation, the traveller laid down to rest. Alone. Despite a lack of sunshine in the first place, the traveller began to wish they had appreciated it more. Its remnants faded quickly into the lonesome night.

Then, as if the ears of a deaf person had been opened, there came a noise as of a roaring ocean. It cleaved through the silence with a jagged edge.

There was another here...

Chapter 2 by Cefor



The cacophony of sound echoed throughout the night, the trees swaying with distress. Rounds of harsh sibilance rang in the traveller's ear as they rolled to their feet, their hands braced against the nearest tree for support.

There was little light to see by, but enough to show the hint of shapes in the shadows.

It was the knowledge that something was there, unseen, that terrified the most. The prospect of surviving against a creature that

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The traveller crouched in the darkness, their heartbeat counted. Would it know where the traveller had stopped? Was it already nearby, its own movement stealthily

hidden from the traveller's sense? Or had it already gone, moved on to goodness knows where?

A hundred heartbeats.

Silence. Whispers of wind flowed through branches high in the pine trees. Sweat beaded on the traveller's forehead. A tense knot sat in their stomach.

Two hundred heartbeats.

A rustle in the undergrowth. A paused breath. Strained ears. Eyes wide open. Desperation for information, a need bordering on panic and the edges of the traveller's mind wild with an imagination sooner left behind than taken with them.

Hands clenched tight. Numb from bloodlessness, the traveller heard a twig snap behind them.

They started running, hoping against hope that whatever it was would not catch up to them...

Chapter 3 by Molly



He stumbled through the brush, barely noticing the stinging branches and puddle-soaked shoes. Terrified of what chased behind him, he didn't dare look back in the hope that his fear was irrational and embellished.

As the moon rose behind him, a feeble light illuminated a rotting wooden sign.

"BEWARE OF HOSTILE WILDLIFE!"

Too late.

He ran until he couldn't breathe, and ran some more. He fell over until the fabric on his pants ripped and his skin tore, then kept going. His lungs were burning and his legs were on fire and his head was pounding with the beat of his heart. Still he kept going.

The moon dipped back below the horizon. Dawn brought a sense of peace to the land as the birds chirped and the insects buzzed. The traveller, exhausted beyond measure, stopped, and fainted. His last seconds of consciousness were of wary peace.

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